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SENATOR BORAH'S clear-cut address, which we print in this week's International Relations Section, follows the outline of the foreign policy which *The Nation* has been advocating for more than four years. We urge our readers to study it. Too many faint hearts in America, we believe, cling to the Geneva League as "the only hope we have," and overlook the immediate steps of a forward-looking policy. They tend to overstress the importance of paper and machinery. As Senator Borah says: "There is no hope for peace so long as the great and powerful nations will that there shall be no peace. . . . We confine our love of peace to paper; our war spirit finds its expression in deeds." The United States could do more for world peace by getting out of Haiti and offering that pitiful republic reparation for our crimes there than by joining the half-hearted World Court at the Hague. The League's ban still maintained against Germany and Soviet Russia is more significant than all the pious resolutions which it has enacted since it was born in a flood of honeyed words. If we are to take forward steps on paper let them be whole-hearted, as Senator Borah urges, not hesitating gestures of timorous good intentions. If we join the World Court, let us make our action count by insisting that it be made a court of real authority. Let us not be afraid to move for the outlawry of war. The fact that Senator Borah has replaced Senator Lodge as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate is one of the best New Year's gifts which the world could have.

THE PROGRESSIVE GROUP in Congress is not so cowed and dispirited as some observers believed at the beginning of the present session. Certainly Senator Norris is not hesitating in his magnificent fight against the scheme of President Coolidge and the Republican majority to despoil the rights of the people in the great natural water-power at Muscle Shoals. The Underwood bill does not give, as has in some places been stated, the alternative of government or private control. It provides for a lease for half a century to a private money-making corporation, merely containing the proviso that if a bid is not forthcoming satisfactory to the Secretary of War the Government shall continue (pending further legislation) a control which it already has. In spite of the report of the Committee on Agriculture in favor of continued government control, the Senate majority is sponsoring almost without discussion or consideration a brand-new plan which Senator Norris describes accurately as carrying "a deed of conveyance to the electric water-power trust of America for one of the greatest inheritances of unborn generations of American citizens."

ONCE IN A WHILE a paragraph appears on the editorial page of one of the daily newspapers which so precisely and pertinently expresses our thought that we can only reprint it, wishing we had written it. Such an editorial is the following from the New York *World:*

> Zamboanga lies at the extreme western end of the Island of Mindanao in the Philippines. It is a port of entry and an important trading-point. A band of Moro outlaws raided a Chinese store near there, murdering five Chinese and robbing the store. Since the scene of the crime is American territory, under the American flag, the killing of five nameless Chinese causes no great agitation in official circles in Washington. No one feels called upon to proclaim that the persons of all foreigners must be held sacred and in frantic haste to cable a peremptory demand for the payment of large indemnities.
>
> But change the scene from the Philippines to China across the sea. Establish an American trading-post or mission there. Then, if a party of Chinese bandits raids the Americans' property, threatens to hold them for ransom or mistreats them, that's another story. It's an international incident that calls for the use of American gunboats in Chinese waters, for the landing of marines, and for official messages to the Chinese Government bristling with solemn threats.

MANY SUPPORTERS OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE in the recent campaign were disquieted because his proposals were attacked so largely and successfully not by argument but by misrepresentation. They have questioned how democracy was to function in the future if the electorate could be hoodwinked so easily and effectively. Evidently this uneasiness is not confined to Mr. La Follette's supporters. Speaking before the League of Women Voters in Chicago lately David Lawrence, whose Washington correspondence goes into the most conservative newspapers, said that never before in his recollection had there been

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such misrepresentation "not only of the spirit but the letter of the Constitution by campaign speakers."

> Let us revert for a moment to the proposal made by Senator La Follette in the last campaign with respect to the Supreme Court [he said]. I am not in sympathy with Senator La Follette's programs nor do I believe the wrongs he seeks to remedy should be corrected by the method he proposes, but as an American I cannot refrain from expressing disappointment that a proposal to amend the Constitution in the regular way should be hailed as an attempt "to overthrow the Constitution."
>
> Senator La Follette proposed that an amendment be submitted to Congress to be passed by a two-thirds vote and to be submitted thereafter to three-fourths of the States for ratification. Even if he had been elected President he could not have approved or disapproved the amendment. Presidents cannot veto or ratify constitutional amendments. That power is lodged wholly in Congress and the legislatures of the several States. Did we tell the electorate that frankly in the last campaign or did we exaggerate? I leave it to you to decide.

IN ELECTING WILLIAM GREEN to succeed Samuel Gompers his fellow-members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor chose the man whose advent to the presidency would mean least change. Of his two chief rivals one, James Duncan of the granite-cutters, was an old man and weak, who could not have held the helm; the other, Matthew Woll, of the photo-engravers, was a younger man with ideas of his own. Green is more dependable than either. In the mine-workers' union he has served as a sort of permanent official, surviving changes in leadership and loyally doing the bidding of his successive chiefs. In recent years he has often disagreed with John Lewis, but he has done Lewis's bidding—and the mine workers, once the leaders of trade-union progress, have become a bulwark of labor reaction. In his home at Coshocton, Ohio, Green is known as a "joiner," a good Sunday-school teacher, and a regular party Democrat. He was one of the minority who voted against indorsement of La Follette's candidacy by the labor federation. His arrival at its top means that Gompers's old cabinet continues its control of federation policies; but the permanence of that cabinet without "the old man" is another question.

EVEN IN GERMANY no one seems to be quite sure what happened at the December 7 election. The extremists lost—yes, but who won? The Republican parties gained, and so did the Nationalists. Communists and Fascists lost, but the shift toward the center was so slight that weeks of parliamentary negotiations are necessary for the formation of a new Cabinet. Part of the difficulty in interpreting the results is due to the amorphous nature of some of the German parties. The Centrum, to which Chancellor Marx belongs, is primarily a Catholic party, with otherwise vague principles; it includes avowed monarchists and virtual Socialists. The decision as to the new Government depends largely upon it. If the Centrum decides to form a coalition with the People's Party and the Nationalists, who stand to the Right of it, the new Government, despite the trend of the elections, will be more reactionary than its predecessor; if it throws in its lot with the Socialists, who are now the largest party in the Reichstag, Germany will have a Government pledged, like the present one, to fulfilment of the Dawes program.

THUS THE YEAR ends in Germany with the political situation practically unchanged. Mediocre men compelled to compromise all along the line are simply holding things together. But we have only to think how the welkin would ring with denunciations of the German menace had either the extreme Left or Right taken hold to appreciate how welcome is the present situation for all its temporizing, for all the difficulty of forming a new Cabinet. As it is, calumny is still at work. Thus, despite previous reports to the contrary, we now have a report from the Interallied Commission that Germany is still a menace because she has 400,000 police of one kind or another who would be available militarily in addition to her army of 100,000 men. Grant the 500,000 men; what could they do? Every German fort is razed or disarmed; her coasts are defenseless; she has admittedly no heavy or siege artillery, no Zeppelins, no bombing planes, no tanks, no rifles for the 500,000, no automobiles, no general staff, no supply reserves, no piles of ammunition. But what's the use? Those who wish to make her out a danger will continue to do so. Has not a member of the Reichstag just produced a book to show that chemically she can wage war—and so can any other land that turns to science for destruction of the race.

DANGER OF A COMMUNIST REVOLUTION in France exists almost exclusively in the minds of the fascist groups who would like to ride into a dictatorship of their own on the fear of a proletarian dictatorship. M. Millerand leads these groups; the Paris *Liberté* has made itself their organ. After the liberal election last spring Millerand was forced to resign as President of France, largely because while in office he had flirted with the idea of sweeping Parliament aside and making himself a French Mussolini. Now he is out for revenge, and every time a rusty machine-gun is lost or a group of sardine-packers go on strike he and his friends shudder publicly at the menace of bolshevism. Premier Herriot shuddered with them at first, but now he has gone to the other extreme; he has ordered the prosecution of the *Liberté* for dissemination of false news, and threatens to expel foreign correspondents who send out false alarms. Such action is likely to help the fascist cause; it never pays to make martyrs. The only country west of Russia where the Communist peril is real is Esthonia, and there it is being drowned in a sea of blood. Following the summary execution of two Communist leaders their party mates rose and seized the government buildings at night. They held them, however, less than a day, and wholesale executions followed.

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, according to the Hungarian supreme court, is a traitor. His vast estates, with the ancient castle and many houses and farms, which have been in the hands of the Government throughout the reactionary regime, are finally confiscated; his private fortune of 10,000,000 gold crowns is seized. Count Karolyi was a pacifist and tried throughout the last years of the war to bring his Government to a negotiated peace. When the revolution swept Hungary he became the head of a liberal republican Government. Inside the country he was opposed by communism and by royalist reaction; and the Allied Powers did all they could to weaken and discredit this man who had fought the Hapsburgs and opposed the war. Rather than plunge his country into further revolution and civil war, in 1919 Karolyi turned the Govern-

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ment over to the Communists. But bolshevism was no more to his liking than reaction and, with many of his most intelligent and liberal supporters, he left the country. White terror succeeded communism; he was officially declared a traitor by the Horthy Government and his property was confiscated—an act which the present verdict merely confirms. Although he is not even charged with offering aid or comfort to the enemy, a new definition of high treason has been made to fit his case. Somewhere in this record of his sympathies and acts, phrased in other words and covered by laws created for the purpose, lies Count Karolyi's "treason." Perhaps to be a democrat and an honest man it is necessary to be a traitor to the Hungary of today.

SLOWLY THE ARCHIVES open. First Russia, then Austria and Germany; and now, hesitatingly, England. Ramsay MacDonald resigned before announcing his policy of uncovering British pre-war diplomacy, but he had taken the first steps in a program which Austen Chamberlain has decided to follow. The British archives, hitherto open only up to 1860, will be opened without restriction to research historians up to 1878. This modest decision—which, however, will be welcomed by historians for the light it may throw on British policy during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Russo-Turk War of 1878—is accompanied by a more interesting program. The Government has asked Harold Temperley, reader in modern history at Cambridge University, and G. P. Gooch, the distinguished author of the "History of Modern Europe 1878-1919," to study the records of the decade preceding the outbreak of the war, and to make and edit a selection from them. The selection will be eagerly awaited. Mr. Temperley has been an historian of the official school; Mr. Gooch's name will carry assurance that documents which might have supported Mr. Morel's distrust of his own Government will not be reburied.

TO TACKLE THE PROBLEM of automobile accidents at this late day is like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen—or shall we say the garage door after the car has disappeared? But drivers of motor-cars themselves are awakening to the urgency of the problem—partly because of the delays and accidents to their cars. We are glad to pass on a recent comment of Secretary Hoover's: "The automobile is the greatest development of twenty years both economically and socially. It is no longer a luxury—it is a complete necessity. But if we wish for its fullest development we must reduce its terrors." This, he added, means that

> We must find constructive measures to meet the crisis of tens of thousands of deaths, usually with hundreds of thousands of serious personal injuries and millions of property damage, accompanied by an economic loss of some staggering sum such as $600,000,000. Here is a waste of human lives each year equal to one-third of the American losses by death in the World War and two and one-half times as many casualties as all those suffered by the American forces.

FATALITIES DUE TO THE AUTOMOBILE, however, have decreased in recent years when compared with the number of cars in use. Perhaps drivers are more careful; possibly pedestrians are more wary. We have more than three times as many automobiles in the United States today as we had when we entered the World War seven and a half years ago, but the total of accidents has not quite doubled. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety recently compiled for Mr. Hoover the following figures, which give at least the pale comfort of knowing that if this much has been done more can be done:

Year	Total Number of Motor Vehicle Deaths	Total Registration of Motor Vehicles	Fatalities per 100,000 of Motor Registration
1917	9,184	5,104,321	190
1918	9,672	6,146,617	160
1919	9,827	7,565,446	130
1920	11,358	9,231,941	123
1921	12,500	10,463,295	119
1922	14,000	12,238,275	114
1923	16,000	15,092,177	106

THE PLAN TO FOIST on the public an issue of $40,000,000 in silver "cartwheels" is to say the least an unreasonable inconvenience to the public and to say the most a plain impertinence. The scheme is a piece of penny-wise, pound-foolish economy by which government officials expect to make a saving without any sacrifice in their own expense accounts, solely by imposing a burden upon the public. If Mr. Mellon thinks that by his own fiat and a little government propaganda he can popularize the silver dollar he is mistaken. It is too large and heavy a coin to carry in a purse, while put loose in a pocket it soon wears a hole. Mr. Mellon hopes that the public will "cooperate" in his scheme for not printing so many paper dollars. We learned the meaning of that word during the war. He hopes, otherwise stated, that the public will knuckle under. We hope it will do nothing of the sort but, on the contrary, return Mr. Mellon's silver dollars to the banks as fast as it gets them. Helpless government employees, we note, are to be paid partially in silver, willy-nilly. We wonder how many silver dollars will be put in Mr. Mellon's pay envelope.

NEW YORK NEVER KNEW a greater newspaper sensation than the famous *Sun* moon hoax, when, in pre-telegraphic days, that genial paper exercised its fancy with the sights which it reported seen through a new South African telescope. When Percival Lowell, a brother of Harvard's president, reported canals and life-zones on Mars from his observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, a quarter-century ago, it seemed as if the desert had driven the good man as mad as a *Sun* hoax-maker. Wise scientists stepped forth to prove, figures in hand, that life on Mars was an impossibility. For one thing, they said, the temperature of Mars is generally below the freezing-point of water, and life requires more warmth. Lowell, Pickering, Schiaparelli, and others, however, kept their eyes glued to their telescopes, and persisted in seeing beyond the white polar ice-caps broad blue areas as of polar seas, and toward Mars's equator areas which seemed to indicate the growth and decay of vegetation. Now Messrs. Carl O. Lampland and W. W. Coblentz, of the Lowell Observatory, have succeeded in measuring the temperature of Mars. They find, as one might expect, the equator hotter than the poles, the afternoon warmer than the morning, and summer milder than winter. An ordinary summer day shows a range of temperature from 45° to 65° Fahrenheit—quite enough to sustain a rich fauna. But we still know as little of the character of life on Mars as of the geography of that greatest land of mystery, the other side of the moon.

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The Preparedness Maniac Again

THE preparedness maniac is again abroad in the land. He has learned nothing from the World War. Logic has departed from him if it ever rested within his mind. He still places his entire faith in force and in a preparedness which never protected anybody and never will. When he is of the army or navy type he fills the air with alarums if he believes that a single battleship gun has not just the elevation that somebody else's has. He lives in a perpetual state of fear and of panic. He sees enemies at every turn, and if the course of history removes three or four possible rivals on the sea he concentrates his attention upon the remaining one or two. Publicly he will assert that blood is thicker than water, that we are bound to our allies by sacred ties sanctified in the shedding of our unforgettable blood; privately he puts spies on English battleships, and plays endless war games, with England as the enemy, in which the entire American battle fleet is always sunk and only 58 per cent of the British. Thereupon he imparts this dreadful information to our jingo editors, to naval and military experts who make their living by writing and lecturing on our unpreparedness. The dailies begin to howl, berate, denounce, to prophesy the end of the American Government, and then do their best to hasten the catastrophe by giving currency to every rumor, suspicion, charge of falsehood and sneaky underhandedness which will serve to embroil this nation with one of our two possible naval rivals, Japan and Great Britain.

This is no exaggeration, but an exact statement of what has been and is going on. The propaganda has, indeed, gone so far and given such evidence of an organized undertaking that President Coolidge found it necessary to speak strongly against it in his annual message. Within two weeks he has again let it be known that he takes no stock in this hysteria; that he is more than ever set against any international armament race and any sensational congressional overhaulings for the purpose of starting fresh jingo fires—and he appears still opposed to the elevation of the battleship guns. If he still permits the tactless and dangerous naval maneuvers off Hawaii and the coming cruise to Australia—where the anti-Japanese politicians may be counted on for calculated indiscretions—his Secretary of the Navy has ordered two captains before a court of inquiry to ascertain how confidential information in their possession found its way to the most belligerent of the civilian "experts" and through him to the newspapers. That is a commendable move. If naval officers, however sincere and able and however honestly alarmed for the welfare of their country, are behind this campaign we ought to know it.

The worst offender is, as usual, Bradley A. Fiske, a retired admiral whose stock in trade is appearing before men's and women's clubs to prove that preparedness alone will save; that preparedness is necessary to protect our women, and that, as the bulk of our women are tinged with pacifism (we quote from a recent bit of his rubbish), they must be taught that men are for war and preparedness only in order to protect their women in their virtue and the enjoyment of the luxuries of civilization. Some millions of farmers' wives and factory employees who have never seen those "luxuries" may think what they like of that. Finally, in the face of the record of our American manhood in the World War, he declares that the fiber of our manhood is gone because we are not adequately preparing.

Now, with these demagogues abroad in the land, it is time once more to set down a few unimpeachable facts as to this question of military preparedness. *Preparedness never kept any nation out of war.* While usually portrayed as an insurance for peace, it is a preparation for war, and it inevitably leads to war. The United States during its history as a nation has had five foreign wars, each one of its own seeking—that of 1812 with England, the brief hostilities with France, the Mexican War, the Spanish War (and the Philippine), and the World War. The state of our military and naval defense had nothing to do with our getting into a single one of these; we were put into each by executive and congressional acts. Our foremost historian, James Ford Rhodes, has just proved how unnecessary it was for President McKinley to put us into the Spanish War; General Grant in his memoirs called the Mexican War, in which he served, "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." Had we been as prepared as Europe in 1914 these wars would still have occurred, for they were brought on deliberately for ulterior purposes. As for the World War, President Alderman of the University of Virginia in his recent official eulogy of President Wilson before Congress has done history the service of repeatedly saying "President Wilson put us into the war because. . . ." That is the simple truth. Not Congress, not the people, but a single man put us into the war and he would have done so had we had ten times as much or ten times as little armament.

Preparedness never saved any European nation from war. Napoleon III thought he had a big enough force to beat Germany in 1870. The conversion of Germany into a military machine did not prevent her being dragged into war in 1914 by her ally, Austria. Russia was ready in 1914 to put larger legions into the field than any other country in the world; did they keep her out of the war? England voluntarily went in, without regard for the state of her preparedness. As for France, it is the happy custom of our militarists to point to her as the victim of unpreparedness. Her own General Buat, the late chief of staff, has declared that the French army was the equal of the German and surpassed it in some services.

Preparedness is never more than relative. No general and no admiral in human history has had men or ships enough. If you give them what they ask for safety against one nation, they ask for more to guard against two nations combined. The little nations can never hope for adequate preparedness against the great. They should follow the program of Denmark and disarm totally—they would be safer if they did. Advocates of preparedness insist that if the little countries of Europe—Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—give up troops their manhood will perish. But there are no hardier, manlier lands than the Scandinavian, although for years they have had relatively small armies. There is no argument of the preparedness war-mongers that is not similarly vulnerable—as vulnerable as it is destructive, archaic, anarchistic, and anti-Christian.

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Advancing Backward

IT is said that toward the close of the Civil War a patriotic Southern newspaper, anxious to maintain the morale of its readers, published the following dispatch: "Our glorious army is rapidly advancing backward and the enemy is retreating after it." For the truth of this story we do not vouch, but we do give solemn assurance that a metropolitan daily recently headed an article "Rush of Progress Menace to the World, says Rockefeller."

Progress a menace? What then does "progress" mean? It sounds like a meaningless paradox. One would not say that a man was dying from excess of health, but one can, it appears, speak in all seriousness of a civilization which is going backward because it is "progressing" too fast. If there is any word of which the modern world has made a shibboleth "progress" is the word, and in the language of popular thought it has no definite meaning.

Asked to define it the average man would doubtless give some fairly satisfactory reply; unconsciously he uses it to mean no more than any increase in size, in power, or in speed. Words are but counters, and sometimes it makes little difference what they are taken to mean; but it makes a great deal of difference when an important word happens to mean one thing in theory and another in practice. When progress became the religion of the modern world and came to be identified with things which are not necessarily in themselves good, the present age of confusion began. Gradually men forgot that speed might be uncomfortably hurrying them nowhere and that power might destroy civilization itself. Ceasing to criticize their definition they ceased to criticize their aims, and the result is knowledge and speed and power which are constantly increasing without any proportionate gain in happiness or virtue. There is wealth enough to make every man comfortable and power enough to relieve him of all except a comfortable minimum of work, but there is no immediate prospect that poverty will disappear or that the majority of men will be released from the necessity of deadly toil; yet the average man never doubts that the world is progressing at an ever-increasing rate. His eyes glitter with enthusiasm when he speaks of the size of his city, which is stifling him with its congestion, he points with pride to accumulated wealth, which is crushing him; he will even regard with complacency the prospect of being blown sky-high with the rest of his family by an aerial bomb because he can rejoice in the "progress" which makes such an event possible.

The present age has little use for logical subtleties; "facts not theories" is its motto. Yet a little dialectic might save civilization. No frequenter of the Platonic Academy would ever have made a word the cornerstone of his faith without first defining it. Plato did not know countless things which we know, but had he known them he would have seen to it that something better came of them than the mad world in which we live. He would have laughed at progress which goes backward and he would have called a halt in the perfection of the machine until he had learned to use it for instead of against himself. We, having already so much power that we are in danger of destroying ourselves, think of nothing except how to make it greater. We can go anywhere we like and faster than we need to go; few realize that it is time to ask where it is most worth while to go.

Cities in the Sand

WHEN archaeologists pried open the ultimate door and entered the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen they found what, after all, had never been more than a tomb, a buried thing. The triumph was real enough, but the thrill was perhaps not quite so great as that which comes with the news that a city, once poured full of sun and rain, has been reclaimed from centuries of darkness. Objects were left in an Egyptian burial-chamber to await some kind of eye at any rate. Troy and Mycenae and Cnossos and Pompeii passed unconsciously into oblivion, and now excavators among their ruins can have the sensation of assisting life to resume—of letting light in again upon angles of houses, intersections of streets, and tips of distant mountain-shadows, even though the actual eyes that used to see these things are long since pinches of dust.

Little enough was unearthed at Troy and Mycenae, but Cnossos in Crete continues to yield the most astonishing archaeological treasures. The digging there is not done yet, and one is advised to watch developments. King Minos's throne and the great Ali Baba oil-jars seem to be only a promise of what some time may reveal all the splendor of this city on an island which once served as a stepping-stone between Egypt and Greece. Even in Pompeii, which was beginning to be uncovered more than a century ago, there are acres of earth and ashes into which no shovel has been struck; pavements rutted by chariot wheels still lie in silence, innocent of the tourist's foot.

The Romans built cities in Northern Africa for very special reasons, and these cities died at various times their special deaths. The fact that they were never centers of civilization, or even capitals of provinces, makes them peculiarly interesting now. As Pompeii was merely a city of resort, a breathing-place for well-to-do families from Rome and Naples, so Timgad, for instance, was merely a city which Trajan ordered his legion at Lambessa to rear in the intervals of their expeditions against the Berbers. It was a magnificent gesture in marble, a monument for Africa to look at if she chose; back home it hardly counted, and the historians made almost no mention of it. But there its columns stand, meaning much or little as one prefers, and meaning nothing at all to the sand about their bases. For the empire is gone, and with it the necessity of making an impression.

Timgad, as it happens, was never buried. But other cities of the sort were, and only recently Italian excavators have been busy with Leptis Magna in Tripoli. Because Septimius Severus was grateful to Leptis Magna for having given him birth, he lent it a factitious importance, when he became emperor, by endowing it with a palace and decorating it with statues and baths. It decayed as Rome decayed, and before long it was all but submerged by the desert. Photographs of those portions still uncovered show merely the tooth-like tops of columns estimated to have been more than twenty feet high. Elsewhere images of Venus and Apollo have been found, and even a marble fish-pond—dry, of course. When the remains of Cnossos are fully exposed we shall perhaps have the key to an important civilization. Timgad and Leptis Magna teach us little except that men have always had a good time while they could. They are pathetic for that reason, but also for that reason they are important.

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The Return to Jerusalem*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Jerusalem, November 1

THE change from West to East is abrupt and complete. The edges of Atlantic winds reach Warsaw; at Trieste the sky touches the top of the steep little Via del Monte; the young Jewish pioneers who trundle their luggage down that street are bareheaded; their shirts are open at the throat; a wind furrows their dark hair; their eyes seek the half-naked hills that jut out into the Adriatic. Night may bring the rainy Hyades; ships in the harbor have passed the Acroceraunian walls.

A world begins here which is, in truth, neither West nor East. It is that old, old Mediterranean world which is one, which saw all the beginnings of history, which gave birth to all the arts, to all the wisdom by which man lives, which has changed little, careless of millenniums, deaf to tumult. The naked cliffs of Crete, more myth than island, are mauve and tan in the translucent air, rough and yet shapely as the Judaean hills. At Brindisi, above a sordid little harbor street with shops aping the North, rise a palm and a Roman column, clear, definite yet soft against the sky, solitary and slender as obelisk or minaret, careless of giving shade or shelter in this light-flooded world.

The ship belongs to all worlds. It is a hired go-between. There are merchants from Germany, thoroughly well informed, but not likely to bring home more than they brought with them. There are handsome, likable British youths going out to colonial jobs and appointments, jolly and essentially supercilious. There is a family from Sedalia, Missouri, on a Cook's tour. They cannot tell you precisely why they came so far. But some day there will be a paper read before a women's club in Sedalia about Bible lands. The excellent husband and father is delighted at the cheapness of whiskey and soda on board and tells how he made his little pile lending money to farmers. There is a morose pasha whose emaciated daughter wears her conventional Western clothes like a masker's costume. There is a suave and Europeanized pasha who flirts in equally good French and English. There is an elderly cloak and suit manufacturer who lives in the Bronx and has, a little shyly, slipped away from his assimilated family to get a glimpse of the land of Israel.

At noon the passengers, half-surreptitiously, glance toward the plunging steerage deck. A group of stern, bearded Jews appears. Their phylactery boxes project from their foreheads; they are draped in their great, grayish praying-shawls. They rock back and forth and chant the words their fathers chanted centuries before England had a name. They, at least, are not going east. They never left the Mediterranean world. The voyage is less to them than a pin's prick. To them dream and reality were never divided. They are going from Jerusalem to Jerusalem. They know where to find the tomb of Maimonides and the house of study by the boiling springs on the shores of Lake Kinnereth.

It is not so simple for everyone. The tourists and merchants bring eyes and minds and leave their souls at home. Their case is not complicated. But how is it with the pioneers, the Chaluzim whose songs are heard from the steerage at twilight? Now that they are on their way it may be that landscapes of the North haunt them—pools in autumnal forests covered with leaves of bronze, upland meadows, cities by stormier waters with their lights at dusk. The Chaluzim are going east and south in no light fashion. They are putting off a spiritual garment that chafed and ached. But it had been long worn and its very imperfections were familiar. A garment—a world. They have entered the Mediterranean sun, the illimitable sun. If their adventure is to be a triumph, their souls must melt into a new earth and a new heaven and the sight of the flat roofs and white towers of Alexandria must be to them the beginning of the end of a journey home.

The first plunge into Alexandria is wild and fantastic. The Arab burden-bearers swarm in swirls of disorder, raising a coldly passionate clamor. Fezes and turbans and tattered cloaks of red and blue and orange reel in a strange rout. An old Arab, all wrinkled skin and taut sinews, one-eyed, bent double, obsequious with ten thousand years of slavery, swings a mountain of luggage on his back and rushes forward cursing all who obstruct his path. The burden-bearers, the customs sheds, the train, the wayside glimpses—fields, villages, cities, even the Nile: these are to the thoughtful eye as yet not Egypt, not Mizraim, not the house of bondage. Here is part of the wide domain of the Moslems, of the Arabs whose story-tellers told the immortal tales of A Thousand and One Nights, of the folk who still sit in calm places in the cool of the evening telling tales and matching rhymes. Theirs is Alexandria, theirs Cairo with its tombs of the Caliphs, with the narrow, clamorous streets of the Mousky, where in the alley of the goldsmiths a hundred artificers mold the soft, intensely yellow metal on little ringing anvils. Here the Arab ladies throng to buy their golden chains and hangings. They are not swathed in black veils as the orthodox demand. They have reduced modesty to the symbol of a bit of transparent white fabric covering mouth and chin.

But an hour from here is the edge of the desert. Among the white dunes of the sand and the rubble of the ages rise the pyramids and on the road that leads to the desert and the tombs there begins the life of the road, that life of the road that has changed little since the vast tombs were built. Women on donkeys or in ox-carts, clad in dusty black robes, men in green and blue on camels.

This is Egypt, this and the tombs and the memorials that have been brought from the tombs: golden jewels of kings and priests and princesses, alabaster libation tablets and urns, models of ships and shops, the incomparable statues in stone and wood that were ancient of years when Jacob sought a Pharaoh's favor, the throne and bed and caskets and intricately carved vases of alabaster that served the uses of Tut-ankh-Amen. This is Egypt. The Egypt of a gorgeous little upper class, like that of our own owners of castles and sea-going yachts and private railroad cars. Once a Jew named Joseph climbed into this class. Centuries later a Jew named Moses slipped by a legendary

* Mr. Lewisohn will send letters from Palestine through the winter.

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accident into the same class and was considered the son of the daughter of Pharaoh. . . .

I stood in the Museum at Cairo and contemplated the remains of an elaborate and splendid world. Here was a completely equipped civilization. It lacked science; it was not articulate in speech. But its instinct for the plastic was faultless, down to the design and execution of the humblest utensil of daily use. Into this civilization, as into many another since, the children of Israel were invited. They prospered and increased in numbers, as they have done many times since in many lands, and doubtless were good Egyptian subjects, loyal and patriotic. This state of affairs is said to have lasted for about four hundred years. By that time the prosperity and number of the Israelites excited the envy and the fear of the Egyptians and an anti-Israelitish agitation began. The fear was expressed that these strangers would become "too many and too mighty" for the natives of older stocks and, by the drastic action of a barbarous polity, the Israelites were reduced to the status of slaves. We may be sure that they had friends and defenders, that, having intermarried with Egyptians during the four centuries of their presence in the land, they had kinsmen among the members of the ruling race. But the fear of the predatory tribe was too great. For it may happen, the stout Egyptian patriots pleaded, "that when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies and fight against us." And so the classical cry against a minority was sounded for the first time in recorded history.

To these lives now "made bitter with hard service" Moses was probably not the only exception. No doubt there were Israelites of wealth and position who by giving bribes or by embracing the state religion saved themselves from the "anguish of spirit" and the "cruel bondage" of their brethren. They probably took good care to have their children marry into one hundred per cent Egyptian families and thus provided for the security of themselves and their posterity by merging themselves with the majority. Moses was, of course, in an exceptionably favorable position. He was a member of the court and thus wholly removed from the possibility of attack. But when "he was grown up he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens." He slew one of their Egyptian tormentors, despite the recorded meekness of his nature; he fled only to return as the leader and savior of his people, steadfast, majestic, greatly enduring, careless of happiness or content for himself, destined to die and lie in an unknown sepulcher after that one glance from Nebo across the glistening waters of the Dead Sea to the Judaean hills beyond.

Whatever this story be—history or fable—is it not the eternal symbol of a recurring fate? The argument that the Egyptians used against the Israelites, do not the Poles and Hungarians and Rumanians use it today? Did we not use it against every racial or spiritual minority in the days of the Great War? The story is the symbol of the fate of Israel; the fate of Israel is the symbol of an ultimate sin and an ultimate necessary redemption. The delusion that war is necessary nourishes the delusion that minorities must be absorbed or crushed. It was so in Egypt; it is so today. Thence springs a meaning deeper than he dreamed from the words of that Chassidic rabbi who exclaimed: "Lord of the world, redeem Israel! But if thou wilt not, redeem the Gentiles!" The redemption of Israel and the redemption of mankind are one.

The way goes eastward still. At Kantara a little ferry crosses the Suez Canal from Africa to Asia. The train winds into the wilderness of Sinai. Blinding white sand in hills and mounds, in graceful curves and slopes. On the sand is the exquisitely patterned tracery of the winds. The direct light pours down. A shadowless ocean of light. Here and there tufts of wilted grass or herb, enough to feed a few camels, a few hardy black goats. At long intervals a spring or a group of springs. Are they the springs of Elim? For here, too, are threescore and ten palm-trees. They are date-palms and the yellowish clustered fruits hang below the spreading leaves. The sea is not far here. Perhaps it is Marah, where the waters were bitter and trees were cast into the water to make it sweet. The Arabs still cast trees into the bitter waters here, as Moses bade his people do. Then the salt crystallizes about the boughs and the bitterness of the waters grows less.

Elim and Marah are left behind and Horeb, the holy mountain, and soon the desert on which the manna fell—"small as the hoar-frost on the ground"—is passed. Hills come and the rumor of ancient cities: Gaza, where was the border of the Canaanite and later the Philistine stronghold and shrine of Dagon; where Samson turned the mill as the asses and camels do to this day and then brought the god's temple down upon himself and the adversaries of his people. Here are the vale of Sorek and the cave in which Delilah beguiled Samson; here the valley in which Israelite and Philistine confronted each other and young David, shepherd and poet, shot the stone from his sling.

The hills of Judaea. . . . Once groves of the olive, the fig, the pomegranate stretched to their summits. Today the slopes and summits are barren and the great light beats upon them. The ancient terraces are still to be seen. But they are ruined and their stones clutter the sides of the hills. Cave after cave. Arabs live in a few. A woman in a dusty blue cloak comes out of one and lifts the water jar upon her head. Yellow sheep and black goats clamber near a few sun-baked Arab huts. No tree or bush or shade. Only the grim, contorted cactus here and there.

The forty years' journey is made in a day. The children of Israel continued their march northeast toward Hebron and the Dead Sea and the towers of Jericho. The train hugs the coast, goes a little northward to Ludd, then east toward Jerusalem.

It was long before Israel reached this city. And even when Joshua, the son of Nun, came there with his men he could not conquer the stronghold of the Jebusites. Not until David came did Israel possess the holy hill-top on which Abraham went to sacrifice his only son to God. Israel did not possess the hill-top long and does not possess it today. But cities do not matter, nor walls nor temples nor the tops of holy hills. Before the desert was crossed, before Hebron was taken or the walls of Jericho had toppled, Israel had become Israel. In the desert, in the barren places, a people had said to itself: "Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the homeborn among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt." From its first exile Israel had learned the lesson that mankind still waits to learn. . . .

Jerusalem. . . .

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A $10,000,000 Verdict

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

THE latest chapter in the history of the great American habit of doing business on credit has been written in Boston. The chapter is not yet completed, though it has been more than a year in the writing. But when it shall have been completed, an effect almost as tremendous may be produced as that which followed the celebrated panic of 1907 when "somebody asked for a dollar."

The result of that panic, and its accompanying discovery that if everybody's loans were to be called at one time there would not be enough currency to go round, was the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank. That new device did not exactly curtail credit; it sublimated it.

Men continued to borrow money on which to do business. Sometimes they could not pay their obligations when they became due. Here and there cases developed where the borrowers could not get their notes renewed or extended. Such a business was called "sick." In many instances, the lending individual or banks simply took over the borrower's business, "cured" it, and sold it or carried it along. Very few indeed have been the instances in which a business, cured of its sickness, remained in the hands of its original owner.

This "taking over the business" by banks has been common enough. Until recently, there seemed to be nothing to prevent it. However, a few years ago a law was passed by Congress which was aimed at the labor organizations; it forbade combinations to prevent employers from hiring whom they wished to hire, regardless of union affiliations or lack of them. Still later, the Supreme Court ruled that this law would apply to capital also. In other words, as the plaintiffs in the case which has just been tried in Boston claim, it is still possible for any financier to demand exorbitant terms for the use of his money. But if several financiers combine, having found a business in need of financing, to compel the owner of that business in return for money loaned to turn over his business to the lenders at a ridiculous price, an action will lie.

Something like this process of "curing a sick business" was gone through in Boston in 1918 and 1919, with the same old result. When it was all over, the former owner complained bitterly that he had been robbed of a perfectly sound and profitable business. He took his complaint first to Charles E. Hughes, who was an eminent lawyer before he was Secretary of State.

At the time Mr. Hughes was just starting for Europe and could not undertake the case. He advised that Sherman L. Whipple of Boston be retained. This was done. Suit was entered, and after the long and formal processes of law, came to trial in Dedham, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, on November 6, 1923. Interrupted once by the illness of the presiding judge, Christopher T. Callahan of Holyoke, the case has dragged through a weary year. For most of the time, court has sat four days a week; the case was finally given to the jury at noon on Monday, December 15, on the 184th day of court sessions. The jurors were kept together from that time until a verdict was reported. This came at the opening of court on December 18—the 187th day—when the jurors sent word that they had agreed upon a verdict. When it was opened, it was found that they had given the plaintiff practically all he asked for; the damages, based on the value of the two companies as taken away on March 24, 1919, with interest to date, minus the $500,000 the defendants paid on July 31, 1918, and the $125,000 paid on March 24, 1919, were set at $10,534,109.07.

It is interesting to note that during the trial one of the jurors was stricken by mental trouble, and that the case went on with eleven jurors—an unusual though not unique procedure.

The plaintiff was George F. Willett, who sued for $15,000,000 damages for the loss of the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company by an alleged conspiracy. The defendants were headed by Robert F. Herrick, a well-known Boston attorney, the real founder and former president of the Harvard Club, who has been closely associated with banking interests in Boston. Other defendants were Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank; Sewall H. Fessenden of the note-brokers' firm of F. S. Moseley & Company, and that firm; Robert Winsor of the great banking house of Kidder, Peabody & Company, and that firm, and the Chase National Bank of New York.

Willett was formerly a member of the firm of Willett, Sears & Company, and sued as the surviving partner of that firm, the partnership having been dissolved in 1920 with an agreement that Willett should assume all the liabilities and assets. Willett is an unusual man. One of his friends says "he is not interested in a company that is going along smoothly. He can see nothing but the development of industrial units; he is not interested in profits. Once he has acquired a company and fitted it into place in an industrial combination, he is interested only in the next step." His opponents described him as a danger to the financial world.

Willett was first in a bank, then in the wool business, next in the leather business, and finally in the felt manufacturing business. He acquired the American Felt Company, which at that time owned the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, in 1911. When a certain dividend of the American Felt Company was paid to Willett, Sears & Company by a check, this check was turned back to the company in exchange for its shares in the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company. Then the expansion began.

By 1918 Willett, Sears & Company owned these two companies, and controlling interests in the stocks of some sixteen other companies. They included the Roxbury Carpet Company and its subsidiary, the Boston Belting Corporation; the Boston Piano Supply Company, the Luxemoor Company, Doremus & Company, and the Importers' Company. The last two were organized as selling and purchasing agencies for the Willett-Sears combination. Besides these, there were companies comprising what Willett called the "machinery unit"; these were the Woonsocket Machine & Press Company, the United Printing Machinery Company, the Framingham foundries, and the Ames Plow Company. Housing associations in Norwood, Franklin, and Framingham; a Norwood Construction Company and a Norwood Plumbing and Heating Company were real-estate propositions intended primarily to serve the interests of the em-

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ployees in these towns, where the Willett-Sears plants were located. Finally—to the great confusion of inter-company accounts in the end—there was the Industrial Service and Equipment Company, intended to do the accounting, the laboratory and efficiency work, for all the Willett-Sears companies.

The story of what happened in 1918, so far as both sides agree to the facts, started in May. Willett's companies had millions of dollars' worth of notes outstanding and they had come suddenly up against the war conditions. There was a great rush of business, and simultaneously an immense increase in the cost of material and labor. Financing was needed to carry the two principal companies over the turn of the year.

The defendants say that this first became apparent when Willett himself made a tour of his banks of deposit in Boston, in June of 1918. The plaintiffs say that it was started by a delayed annual statement of the American Felt Company, which was sent out by the accountants on May 22, as of December 31, 1917. They say that the statement was unfavorable enough to cause the vice-president of the First National Bank to tell Mr. Sears, the financial member of the firm of Willett, Sears & Company, that the bank could not "check" their paper on that statement. Mr. Sears protested that the first three months of 1918 made a far better showing, and that if the figures were brought down to date they would show a condition that would enable the bank to check the paper. Unfortunately, however, the note brokers usually employed by Willett, Sears & Company (F. S. Moseley & Company) were already having difficulty to sell their notes. Then, the plaintiffs say, they requested Mr. Fessenden of that firm to set about arranging a special loan, and that he first advised Mr. Willett to "see the banks."

The defendants say that Mr. Willett first went to the Old Colony Trust Company, notified its president, Philip Stockton, that he wanted to use his full line of credit and that he wished also an extension of that credit by $100,000. From that bank he went to the National Shawmut, and told its president, Alfred L. Aiken, the same thing, adding that Mr. Stockton had agreed to his request. Mr. Aiken testified that he demurred to an extension except under conditions. Later in the same day Mr. Aiken was in communication with Mr. Stockton, who said there had been a misunderstanding; he had not promised Willett any new loan of $100,000. Almost at the same time Mr. Aiken heard from C. H. Dwinnell, vice-president of the First National Bank, that Mr. Willett had been there also. It seemed to the bank presidents that it was high time to call a meeting of the banks who had dealings with Willett, Sears & Company and to consider the status of that firm. The meeting was held on June 15; the bankers decided to get some more information, and called another meeting on June 18, at which Mr. Fessenden was asked to be present and to tell how much commercial paper Willett, Sears & Company and their companies had out. Mr. Wellington of the accountants' firm was also asked to be present to tell of the condition of the companies. In the version of the plaintiffs, these meetings were called by Mr. Fessenden for the purpose of arranging a special loan with a syndicate of banks.

A third meeting was called for June 24, and at this there were present representatives of the Old Colony Trust Company, the First National Bank, the National Shawmut, the Merchants' National, and the Webster and Atlas National. Mr. Sears was called in, and an effort was made to determine how much would be needed to finance the two felt companies across the turn of the year. The bankers knew all about the subsidiary companies in the Willett-Sears combination. They had not a very high opinion of them; they regarded the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, they testified, as "worth saving," but from the beginning of the negotiations refused to lend any money to carry on the other companies.

It was determined that $3,000,000—or in the careful bankers' phrase, "not more than $3,000,000"—would suffice. Willett and Sears protested that they did not need any such amount, but they testified that Mr. Fessenden told them they would better take what was offered and not be obliged to come around a second time for more help. There was another meeting on June 27. By this time the bargain was taking shape; the bankers offered a loan for six months, and demanded 6 per cent interest on the amount of money that might be drawn under the special loan. Six per cent on the whole $3,000,000 was to be paid "for the commitment"—that is to say, as a commission or bonus. This, as Mr. Whipple pointed out, amounted to an interest charge of 18 per cent. Furthermore, the bankers demanded that the entire control of the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company should be turned to a committee of their appointing, to serve for the life of the loan.

Mr. Fessenden drew a memorandum of this agreement. Daniel G. Wing, president of the First National Bank, suggested to his vice-president, Mr. Dwinnell, that the First National's interest in the Willett-Sears affair be turned over to C. F. Weed, another vice-president, and Mr. Weed began to get up a draft of a formal agreement for the loan. He suggested, however, that the bank ought to retain counsel, and suggested that his brother, Arthur H. Weed, was in Robert F. Herrick's office, and might get Mr. Herrick to take the case. Mr. Herrick was general counsel for the bank and an intimate associate of Mr. Wing. Mr. Herrick agreed to come in on condition that Arthur H. Weed do the actual work, and that he advise from time to time. He was engaged also by the Old Colony Trust Company as counsel. Willett and Sears say they knew nothing of this, and that they were merely hearing from time to time through their financial agent, Mr. Fessenden, of the progress of the loan. Meanwhile, the time was going on, and the loan was not being made. Time was an important element to Willett and Sears; they had a note for $200,000 coming due in the Chase National Bank on July 15.

After the bankers' meeting on June 27, this Chase Bank note assumed more importance. It was one of two notes, each for $200,000, and they were notes of Willett and Sears, not of the felt companies; the second note fell due on October 15. And they were secured by 12,000 shares of American Felt common. Still another note, for $100,000, secured by 2,000 shares, lay in the Girard National Bank of Philadelphia. Unless Willett and Sears could somehow secure this stock which was up as collateral they could not comply with the condition imposed by the Boston bankers, that they should turn over the stock control of the American Felt Company during the life of the special loan.

Another meeting of the bankers was held on July 5, and this matter was discussed. At the end of the meeting a telegram was sent to E. V. R. Thayer, president of the Chase Bank, asking him to extend the notes and to deposit

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the stock with the Boston men. Mr. Fessenden sent the telegram. On July 8 Mr. Thayer came to Boston to a meeting of the bankers. They made the same request of him, and he refused to part with his collateral. He told them they could trust him just as well as he could trust them. But, he said, he wanted to help in the situation, and offered to have his bank participate in the loan, and to take as large a share as anybody. He asked Mr. Fessenden to write him a memorandum of what had occurred and departed. Mr. Fessenden did write that same day, stating the terms of the loan. Willett, Sears & Company were to convert $500,000 of non-liquid assets in the American Felt treasury into liquid assets; a "group of banks" was to lend the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company not in excess of $3,000,000 until February 15, 1919, and this loan was to be a preferred debt. Not a word was said in the letter about the stock held by the Chase Bank.

Mr. Thayer answered on the following day, agreeing to the terms and saying his bank would take $440,000 of the loan. The plaintiffs claimed that these two letters constituted an agreement to make the loan, with the stock remaining in Thayer's hands. The defendants say that the meeting of July 8 resulted in a deadlock, and Willett and Sears were still obliged to raise $500,000 and to redeem the stock and bring it to Boston. In any event, Willett and Sears knew nothing of the facts, and went to everybody they knew, trying to raise the $500,000. They were unsuccessful until Mr. Fessenden suggested that they go to Robert Winsor of Kidder, Peabody & Company.

The bankers had already insisted that Moseley & Company ought to take part of the loan, as being the house that had put out so much of the American Felt commercial paper. Mr. Fessenden had agreed to take $440,000, and had persuaded Mr. Winsor to put Kidder, Peabody & Company in for a similar amount, as the banking house had sold the preferred stock issue of the felt company. Willett and Sears called on Mr. Winsor, and Willett put the matter before him. "If you will raise this money for us," said Mr. Willett, "you can have anything you want." Mr. Winsor agreed to form a syndicate and raise the money; his commission for doing so was to be 5,000 shares of the stock, with the proviso that Willett and Sears might buy it back for $500,000. This loan was to be for two years at 6 per cent interest.

The interview with Winsor was on July 18, three days after the first note in the Chase Bank had become due and had gone to protest. On July 24 Mr. Winsor told Willett and Sears that the terms of the loan would have to be changed. The transaction must be a purchase instead of a loan; he would buy their stock—16,500 shares of American Felt and 500 shares of Daniel Green—for $500,000, and give them an option to repurchase it at any time within two years. But also, he had taken in another man in the syndicate, and another share must be added to the repayment price. So the repurchase would cost them $1,227,000; it was made up of the original $500,000, a bonus of $500,000, the added share of $167,000, and $60,000 interest. With a note already gone to protest and a $3,000,000 loan hanging on the issue, Willett and Sears agreed to this bargain.

Papers were passed on July 31. The $500,000 syndicate consisted of Kidder, Peabody & Company, F. S. Moseley & Company, the Chase Bank and the Girard Bank, and Robert F. Herrick. The $3,000,000 loan was made, and the companies began to draw money against it. The full amount was never used; the Daniel Green paid up its share as due, and the American Felt Company reduced its debt enough within the six months so that renewal of the remainder was easy. The bankers appointed Messrs. Fessenden, Herrick, and Winsor managers of the subsidiary companies, and they set about liquidating them. Willett and Sears resigned all the offices they held in all their companies and began working on "plans of reorganization."

Willett had bought, or contracted to buy, the stock of the Plymouth Rubber Company. In his situation in the fall of 1918 he was unable to carry out this contract, and suit was brought in November by Mr. Sydemann, the owner of that company, to compel the fulfilment of the contract. Sydemann put attachments on all Willett's property. By this time bankruptcy for Willett, Sears & Company was more than a possibility.

In December Mr. Herrick bought up from several banks in Boston notes of some of Willett's companies, indorsed by Willett and Sears or by Willett. After the first of the year he caused suit to be brought on these notes, not against the makers but against the indorsers. He also put attachments on all the property of the firm and the individuals. There now seemed to be no way out for Willett and Sears except through the door of bankruptcy. They appointed assignees to settle with their creditors, and this was done in March, the $500,000 syndicate paying $125,000 more for all the remaining stock Willett and Sears had in the American Felt Company and the Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, and the option to repurchase. The plaintiffs pointed out during the trial that this $125,000 was precisely the sum that was taken out of the treasuries of the subsidiary companies that were being liquidated, for "expenses."

Willett and Sears settled with their creditors, and the companies belonged to the syndicate. The transaction was complete. It was by no means unique, and the defendants have said frankly that their purpose from the beginning was to eliminate Willett, who was considered a dangerous man because of his reckless schemes of expansion.

The verdict produced intense excitement in Boston, where the defendants are some of the best-known men of the city. The newspapers got out extras and they sold literally by the thousands in the streets. The jury had believed that there was some thread of connection through the jumble of apparently isolated events, and that the things which happened did not happen of themselves. The effect of the verdict, if it be sustained by the Supreme Court a year or two hence, is almost incalculable.

If financiers are not to be allowed to protect their loans by ample margins of profit to protect their risks; if they are not to be allowed to foreclose on collateral; if they are not to be allowed to decide whether to loan or not, credit is going to be much more difficult to secure in this country. On the other hand, if business men are not entitled to credit upon a showing of their financial condition, business will have to be done at a much slower rate. One question that seems to be involved is whether national banks can refuse credit on their own judgment; another is whether any man with the ability to trade and to make book accounts appear more favorable than they might be is at liberty to go on buying one company after another, and indefinitely to spread out until a check in his income must bring down the whole structure of credit-supported business.

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Quaker Revolutionaries
The Woman's Battalion*

By MOLLIE BEST

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE modern woman's movement has yet to make proper acknowledgment of its debt to George Fox, the moving spirit of the Quaker insurgency. His whole religious creed was based on the belief in the divine light in every soul, without regard to incidental and insignificant distinctions of race, color, or sex. His mental processes were simple and direct; if the Holy Spirit dispensed the gifts of the spirit impartially, he was not the man to question the wisdom of his Creator. He tells us he met with a people who claimed that women had no souls, adding in a light manner: "No more than a goose. But I reproved them and told them that was not right; for Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord." His sex heresy extended to his wife's property, over which he refused to exercise any control. His bold stand for the right of women to a voice in spiritual matters almost resulted in a Quaker schism.

Under his discipline women forged to the front and distinguished themselves as audacious fighters. The clergy were shocked when untrained men intruded on their preserves; when the women took the field they were frantic, and neither youth nor extreme age escaped rough usage. "A religious maiden," Mary Fisher, was concerned, says the cautious Sewel, "to go with a message from the Lord, *as she believed,* to Sultan Mohammed IV, then encamped with his army at Adrianople." Mary was a veteran of the war in New England, where her attempt to preach Christianity met with much resistance and little success. "Stripped naked and so barbarously used that modesty forbids to mention it," she was clapped into prison the moment her foot touched the soil of the land of the free, and was held *incomunicado* till she could be shipped back to England. It was Quaker strategy to attack the powers of darkness in their strongest positions, and as New England proved impregnable for the moment Mary directed her next attack on the Near East.

Mary got as far as Smyrna, where she was stopped by a vigilant English consul who disapproved of religious maidens interfering with the Turkish problem. The consul placed the docile Quaker lady aboard a ship headed for England, but he had failed to take her measure. Mary disembarked at the first stopping place and executed a flank movement. It was six hundred miles to Adrianople over the wild lands of Greece and Macedonia, but as her advance by sea was blocked Mary determined to attack by land. Alone and afoot, without knowledge of the language, she marched those six hundred miles. Not a word in the Quaker record of the adventures of that journey; it was sufficient to say that to the glory of God she reached the Emperor's headquarters safe and sound.

Though in the field with an army of fifty thousand men, Mohammed IV was not roughing it; surrounded by his great nobles he was camping in Oriental splendor. Mary would have had the company of citizens of Adrianople to the royal camp, but they were timid, therefore "she went to the camp alone, and procured information to be made to the Grand Vizier's tent that there was an Englishwoman who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan, who sent her word that she should speak with him next morning." This quick conquest of the Vizier is another unsolved mystery, for he was famous for his opposition to petticoat influence in his master's affairs, petticoats perhaps of another color.

Received with the ceremony accorded an ambassador of state, the next morning the Quaker girl stood in the presence of the Emperor, his nobles, and councilors. The Turks were less suspicious of an ambassador from God than the Puritans. Questioned by the Sultan whether it was true, as he heard, that she had a message from the Lord, "she answered, Yea. Then he bade her speak on, and when she stood silent a little, waiting on the Lord when to speak, he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her whether she desired that any of them might go forth. She answered, Nay." This biblical frugality of speech was deceptive; it was the mental poise of the Quaker before the verbal leap.

"Then the Sultan bade her speak the word of the Lord, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could bear it, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would." Then Mary spoke, while the assembled statesmen and nobles of the empire "all gave diligent attention with much gravity and seriousness till she had done, then the Sultan asked her, Whether she had anything more to say. She asked whether he had understood what she said. He replied, Yes, every word: Adding that it was the truth, and *desired her to stay in that country,* saying that they could not but respect such a one as had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord.

"Then they asked her what she thought of their prophet Mohammed? She answered warily, that she knew him not, but Christ who enlightened every man who came into the world, him she knew. Concerning Mohammed, they might judge him to be true or false according to the words and prophecies he spoke. The Turks confessed this to be true, and Mary, having performed her message, departed for Constantinople without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff. The Turks in this behalf receiving her message with far more respect and civility than she had often met with from those who covered themselves with a profession of Christianity. And so she returned to England."

In the countries through which the Reformation had spread the Pope rivaled the Turk for first place among national hatreds. The hatred of the papacy combined the venom of religious and political animosity, for the head of the Roman church was also a dreaded temporal sovereign. Two other Quaker adventuresses, in the hardihood of their faith in an invincible God and an endless life, set out for Alexandria to convert the Egyptians, but the vacillation of a Dutch captain resulted in their being set down in Malta,

* This is the second of three articles on Quaker Revolutionaries. The first appeared in *The Nation* of December 24.

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a citadel of the Roman church. Premonition or prevision seems to have been common among Quakers, and as they neared land Catherine Evans was seized with anguish of mind. "Oh we have a dreadful cup to drink in that place. Standing on the deck of the ship, and looking upon the people who stood upon the walls, she said, Shall ye destroy us? If we give up to the Lord he is sufficient to deliver us out of your hands; but if we disobey God, all these could not deliver us out of His hand. So all fear of man was taken from them."

The timid English consul at Malta warned the women that the Inquisition was in eruption, which convinced them that the hand of Providence had diverted them from Egypt that the light might shine in the greater darkness of Malta. Against the trembling entreaties of the consul they boldly sallied forth, and their exhortations to repentance and Christian charity created no little furor.

Accustomed to hunt down heretics the Holy Office was nonplussed by two women who deliberately thrust their heads into the noose. They were finally arrested on a charge of sedition, and while their fate was tragic their trial was amusing. The Inquisition moved with caution; it may be that the pious and immortal memory of the Great Protector was still potent; there may have been a moderate party; or the steady supply of Jews and Turks may have been sufficient to feed the fires and demonstrate the awful power of the church. Whatever the restraining influence, Catherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers were not led to the stake, put to the rack, or impaled on spikes, as was the custom. The pious monks, however, whiled away monotonous hours by assuring them that the fate of heretics would eventually be theirs. If they refused to become Catholics the Pope would destroy their bodies and souls. Their bodies, they replied, were at the service of the Lord to live or die, and their souls safe beyond the power of any potentate. A thousand devils would carry their souls to hell. They were not afraid of all the devils in hell, nor of the Inquisition, though it were backed by all the countries round. "You are possessed!" cried the monks in despair. "We are," they admitted, "by the power of an endless life."

To the Holy Office the Quakers proved a white elephant; they would gladly have been rid of them on any terms that would save face. Kissing the cross, receiving the holy sacrament as the actual body of Christ, any act symbolizing submission to the papal power would set them free. But their whole purpose was resistance to compulsion; submission meant defeat, they would never surrender.

Believing in his innocence that they were obstinate through fear, a well-meaning monk suggested that they might become Catholics secretly, while outwardly professing their avowed religion. If they had required proof that they were captives of the anti-Christ, this ill-advised brother supplied it.

They escaped the worst tortures of the Inquisition, but their lives were bitter enough. By close confinement in an unbearably hot climate, "We were fain to rise out of bed and lie down at a chink of the door for air to fetch breath; with the fever within and the heat without, our skin was like sheep's leather, and the hair did fall off our heads. We desired to die, but death fled from us." Still feminine though a warrior, Sarah did her hair "as she would lie in the grave," but far from being tamed by suffering they wrote the Inquisitorial Court: "If it was our blood they did thirst after, they might take it any other way as well as smother us in that hot room." For this insubordination their writing materials were confiscated, their Bibles having already been removed as the source of their propaganda.

Since threats failed to weaken their defiance it was decided they corrupted each other, and they were condemned to the most dreaded of punishments, solitary confinement; still the taming process made no progress. They must have broken into the monotony of monkish life. Constant prophecies of the monks as to her ultimate and eternal destination wore on Catherine's fagged nerves, and to one of her pious tormentors she commanded, "Depart from me, thou worker of iniquity." This astonishing irreverence toward his habit appalled the good man, and he dropped in on Sarah's solitude to acquaint her with the outrageous behavior of her fellow-heretic, who had called him a worker of iniquity. "Did she?" inquired Sarah, "and art thou without sin?" He believed he was. "Then," said Sarah judicially, "she hath wronged thee."

From the darkness and ignorance of human nature we turn to its brighter side. Many skippers who touched at the port, not Quakers but men of moral backbone, braved the Inquisition to beg liberty for the unhappy women. Workmen on the Inquisition buildings at great personal risk showed them much kindness. But a "poor young Englishman" bears away the palm for courage. Captured by the Turks and recaptured by Christian soldiers, who confronted him with the alternative "Our religion or your life," he expediently became a Catholic, as all religions must by that time have looked alike to him. At the risk of his life, on the forlorn hope of rendering assistance to the unfortunate women, he scaled the dungeon walls. He succeeded in talking with them before he was safely put behind the bars. With their habitual gloom the monks regaled the prisoners with dismal speculations as to his fate, but they were poor prophets, for he was released.

Daniel Baker, a Quaker who had also been intercepted by the English consul on Turkish territory, walked boldly into the lion's den and without mincing matters announced in good Italian: "I am come to demand the just liberty of my innocent Friends." Worn out apparently, the Inquisitors expressed a willingness to compromise on a money basis, but Daniel and the women were adamant; no tribute to the Babylonish woman.

Strongly opposed to Catholic teaching the Quakers had always been equally strong against the persecution of Catholics, and George Fox, who never rested while any of his followers suffered, appealed to the Catholic Lord d'Aubigny, an English nobleman with sufficient power at Rome, to cut the red tape of the Inquisition.

So the long imprisonment came at last to an end, and the journey home was in the manner of a triumphal march. "At length came one of the King of England's frigates called the Sapphire, commanded by Captain Titswel, who took them in, together with some Knights of Malta, among whom was the Inquisitor's own brother, who often spoke to the captain that they might not want for anything, and he told them that if they came to Malta again they should not be persecuted so. And to the captain he said: "If they go to heaven one way and we another, yet we shall all meet together at last." This was rank heresy and sedition in the very household of faith. Not without reason were these women deemed dangerous by the Inquisition. Into the established order of Malta they had driven the thin edge of the wedge of a new order.

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In the Driftway

SOMEONE remarked that the pumpkin pie which graced the club menu that day was the best "since grandmother used to make them." Another member voiced the unorthodox view that he abhorred all those concoctions generally catalogued as "home cooking." From the beginning thus made there soon evolved a discussion as to whether the average woman cooks to please the male members of her household or to suit herself. One man offered as evidence that since early childhood he had been bedeviled by his mother to eat things he did not like. " 'Eat a little bit of it and you'll like it,' is what she always tells me," he said. "And although for thirty-five years I've known perfectly well that I don't like spinach, kale, parsnips, and a few other things, I'm being constantly urged to 'try them' on the theory that I may grow to like them. And they are constantly set before me in spite of the fact that everyone knows only extreme starvation would tempt me to eat them."

* * * * *

SUCH was one argument in support of the theory that woman cooks to please herself. Another was voiced by a quiet home-loving individual who apparently spoke with conviction. "When I was young," he said, "I always said my mother made the best coffee in the world. Then, on orders from the doctor, she quit drinking coffee herself. She still made it for me but it wasn't long before I quit too —but not because of any orders from the doctor."

* * * * *

BUT the housewives were not without defenders. "Look at the way hundreds of women constantly scheme to cook things their husbands and sons like," a meek-looking member piped up. "They go to all kinds of trouble to find out what the men like and to remember it." One of the club bolsheviks made short work of him. "No woman ever knows what her husband likes to eat," he said with finality. "I've been married for fifteen years, and my wife has been cooking for me 99 per cent of that time and she hasn't the slightest idea of what I like or dislike today. For instance, I like onions. But once, several years ago, I passed them up when they were on the menu for dinner. I did it because I was going to a theater that night and I've always felt onions should more properly be eaten and digested in privacy. But I had eaten them probably a thousand times during my married life previous to this time when I didn't eat them. And ever since my wife insists on telling everyone that I loathe onions and that I can't even eat anything that has been seasoned with them. I have a great fondness for porterhouse steak. But about six months ago I came home one night with a very poor appetite, due to nothing more startling than an unusually heavy lunch. We had porterhouse steak for dinner that night. I ate very sparingly because I wasn't hungry. About two months later, when I remarked that we hadn't had porterhouse steak recently, I was much surprised to be told 'I thought you didn't like it.' When I protested I did like it and pointed out that I must have eaten it several thousand times the response I got was that 'you didn't eat it last time we had it.' On the other hand, I'm not very fond of pork chops. But one night recently I came home hungry after playing golf all afternoon. There were pork chops for dinner and I ate six of them. I would have preferred something else, but the pork chops were there and I was hungry, so I ate them. We had pork chops four times a week thereafter until I protested, and there was great surprise when I did so.

* * * * *

SOME of the audience nodded assent and some didn't. Probably the symposium would be going on yet had not a new arrival broken in with: "I got WGN last night on a one-tube set with WCAP going at the same time."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Morel and MacDonald

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just noticed in your obituary tribute to Morel the statement that "when the MacDonald Government came in he was appointed liaison officer between the British Foreign Office and the League of Nations."

Unhappily that is quite untrue. Morel was passed over entirely by MacDonald—and passed over without a word of explanation or regret. The last months of his life were for him—as for many others—months of bitter disillusion. He had hoped to find the principles of the Union of Democratic Control translated into practice by a U. D. C. Foreign Secretary. He found them thrown aside in favor of the "principle of continuity." MacDonald's attitudes on Dawes, on Mexico, on Egypt were successive blows to him. So was the fact that only a revolt of the back benches, in which he played a very important role, secured the signing of the Russian treaty. Of the "affaire Zinoviev" I cannot speak, for I did not see Morel after the election. But I can imagine how he would have felt the new humiliation of MacDonald's hyper-Curzonian note.

Morel would have hated that he should be thought in any way responsible for MacDonald's foreign policy or that he held any official appointment in or under a government of which he was an untiring critic whenever it ran counter to the principles for which he had always, and the Prime Minister had sometimes, stood.

London, December 4 W. N. EWER

[Our statement was based on British press reports.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Average Citizen's Thinking

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Krutch, reviewing in your Holiday Book Number, deprecates any tendency "to simplify the thinking of pacifists as the thinking of the average citizen was simplified by the convenient assumption that the Kaiser was, in his own person, the only remaining obstacle to universal brotherhood."

When did the average citizen make that assumption? As I observed him during the war he had plenty of curses left for Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Tirpitz, the Sultan, and he showed no sign of having lost any of his habitual distrust of the Czar and the Pope. He was quite as likely to accuse the Kaiser of letting himself be made the tool of a camarilla as to accuse him of initiating the crimes. He certainly believed that the existence of such a station as that of emperor, whether in Germany or in Austria or in Russia or in Turkey, was a leading obstacle to universal brotherhood; does Mr. Krutch, or his pacifist, think otherwise?

To show up one's opponents' absurdity by misrepresenting their ideas so as to make them absurd is to vitiate one's own thinking.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, December 10

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Books and Plays

Poems

Quag-Hole

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

He waited and, as he waited, grew less eager.
He had come first, believing he was anxious.
The quag lay buried in the darkness at his feet.
The village lights shone far between and meager.

He must not whistle here. His nerves grew tauter.
A wind, that rose among the woods behind him,
Died through the fields. Then silence—broken only
By turtles puddling the invisible bog water.

Then, through a stillness, listening, he heard
Her running on the path, night-terrified
Or eager. And he watched her body slacken
And look for him. She stopped. He never stirred.

But saw how credulously, hour by hour, she stood.
And when, at last, the longing woman went,
He set his face to make the nearest light,
And marched to beat the silence through the wood.

Carib Canoe Under Sail

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Beyond the peacock furrow plowed by the sun,
Where the foam-ridges break and feather to green,
Let the canoe be sharp on aquamarine
With twin sails of split silver. Let her run
Shrewdly along the sea as she has done
So many centuries, supple and lean,
And let those rakish moons of hers careen
And quiver, proud that she is the only one
To wear the wind.
At night from the shore mist
Her moth-wings flutter as they might forsake
The jungle dusk to haunt the harbor-mouth.
Out of its sleep the sea rouses to twist
Lianas of great stars along her wake.
Creature of sea and jungle, she is the south.

Ballad

By CHARLES NORMAN

When Christ came down from Galilee
He was most plainly clad,
And villages turned out to see
The look he had.

Christ was a good man, preaching love,
And brotherhood, and pity;
And so on the hill that stood above
The towered city,

They nailed him on a cross with two
Who sinned in other fashion.
And splendidly he died, as do
Most men of passion.

First Glance

A GOOD deal has happened in the rather small world where poetry is discussed since Matthew Arnold, endeavoring to say once and for all what poetry was, quoted a passage from Pindar and remarked: "Such poetry kills Dryden's the moment it is put near it." We cannot be so sure any more that poetry is a single definable thing, and certainly we have learned that one good kind never kills another. Remembering Arnold's condescension to Dryden, whom he granted a place only among writers of prose and apostles of reason, I derive rich satisfaction from the title of T. S. Eliot's new venture into criticism, "Homage to John Dryden" (London; The Hogarth Press: 3/6). Not only is Mr. Eliot one of the most considerable of contemporary poets; he comes very near to being the clearest and subtlest of contemporary critics. In an earlier volume, "The Sacred Wood," he was somewhat tantalizing through a failure to draw his excellent doctrines into line one with another and so shape a creed, and here also he is content to analyze rather than to legislate. To note this is to acknowledge his intelligence—which never flags; yet one cannot help suspecting that a greater degree of explicitness would have produced a profounder effect. However that may be, Mr. Eliot has perfectly defined Dryden, and in doing so he has justified him.

Mr. Eliot's preferences largely proceed from the dissatisfaction which he feels with the poetry of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. "To enjoy Dryden," he says, "is to pass . . . into a new freedom." For Dryden—and this would have seemed a paradox to Arnold—is one of the most purely poetical of all writers, possessing as he does the power to charge any material, even the most unlikely, with music and to render small things great through the vitality of his touch. It is this touch which Mr. Eliot has set himself to define. The details of his exposition cannot be gone into, though it should be remarked that as he advances he does not shirk the task of disengaging the precise quality of Dryden's wit. "He lacked insight, he lacked profundity," Mr. Eliot concludes. "But where Dryden fails to satisfy, the nineteenth century does not satisfy us either; and where that century has condemned him, it is itself condemned. In the next revolution of taste it is possible that poets may turn to the study of Dryden. He remains one of those who have set standards for English verse which it is desperate to ignore."

Some notion of the kind of poetry which does not fail to satisfy Mr. Eliot may be gained from the two essays which follow in this booklet. The essay on Andrew Marvell is the happiest that we have, and in the essay on the "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century Mr. Eliot states more clearly than ever before not only what he likes but what he himself is. He finds Donne and Herbert and Marvell and Cowley standing in the main current of English poetry by virtue of the fact that they "possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience. . . . When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other,

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or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." The metaphysical poets were satisfactory because they absorbed all of the life about them and without sentimentality gave it forth again. Mr. Eliot adds: "Poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning." This is a long way from Dryden, and it is very close to the author of "The Waste Land."

MARK VAN DOREN

Glimpses of Early Religion

Primitive Religion. By Robert H. Lowie. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

NOT since the days of Daniel Brinton has America produced a comprehensive volume on primitive religion. The classical evolutionists always found in the field of religion unexampled opportunities for the application of their doctrines. The content of religious phenomena being elusive and the record of prehistoric religion thoroughly innocent of chronology, it was always possible to find similarities when similarities were sought and differences when these were desired, and to build up stages of development to one's heart's content. But with the rise of ethnographic technique, and the development of more rigorous methods and a wholesome critical attitude toward speculative theories, the ambitious works of the older authors were, one by one, discredited and discarded. The ghost theory of Spencer, with ancestor worship and the emotion of fear as the root of all religion; Jevons's elaborate structure with totemism at its base; Wundt's over-complex even though somewhat more critical scheme; even Durkheim's highly talented but withal speculative interpretation of Australian religion—these were unable to withstand the onslaught of modern ethnological criticism.

But it was easier to destroy the synthetic efforts of an earlier generation than to build up new and equally comprehensive ideological structures. Thus for many years the field of primitive religion presented an aspect forbidding to the layman, for detailed monographs on primitive faiths and rituals do not make easy or entertaining reading. In many ways, then, Mr. Lowie is to be congratulated upon a book which is comprehensive even though selective in scope and popular in form. The author offers four descriptive sketches of types of primitive religion; he then launches into a critique of some of the older students of the subject; and he winds up with a somewhat elaborate discussion of theoretical problems of a psychological and historical nature.

Of the concrete sketches the one on the Crow is easily the best, for here the author's personal intimacy with his data is constantly felt. The sketch of Polynesian religion is somewhat less successful than the other three, as the task of presenting in a brief space the essentials of the religion of so vast a district probably presented insuperable difficulties. The reader will not fail to note the marked subjectivism of Crow religion, with its absence of a rigid dogma or a moral code sanctified by religion; the somber magic and terrifying ghost worship of the African Ekoi; the high development of professional magicians among the Bukaua of New Guinea, among whom the power of these practitioners occasionally rises above that of the gods themselves; the formalism in thought and act in the religions of Polynesia, among whom the worshipers, the priests, the high chiefs, and even the divinities are encased in a rigid framework of ritualistic imperatives.

The critical section is perhaps the least interesting, for the authors here discussed, Tylor, Frazer, and Durkheim, have repeatedly been attacked and the conclusions thus reached have become familiar even to the general public. Still, the major conclusions of the author deserve to be stated: first, the belief in spirits may be a constant but is not an essential characteristic of religion; second, magic and religion differ in the method they adopt in approaching the supernatural, but are united in their common acceptance of it; and third, whatever the importance of the social determinants of religion, it is certain that the basic core of religious life rests in the personal experiences of the individual.

Most of the original contributions of the author to method and theory will be found in the last section. The most valuable point here is the author's insistence on the presence of individual variability in primitive communities. This may be seen in the varying suggestibility of individuals, male and female; in unequal capacity for leadership; in types of memory and imagination. Here Mr. Lowie makes skilful use of some of the findings of experimental psychology, a procedure unusual in anthropological literature. He is happily free from the tendency, common among American anthropologists, of substituting historical explanations for psychological ones: he takes care to point out that every historically formed variant of religious belief and ritual must at some time have originated in an individual psyche and must to that extent be amenable to individual psychological interpretation.

Less satisfactory are the author's ideas on the orientation of religion with reference to sex, art, symbolism, and ceremonialism. The sexual aspect of religious phenomena is dismissed too cavalierly. While it is true enough that the Freudian conception of religion as a sublimation of sex, pure and simple, deserves unstinted condemnation, one cannot afford to disregard the significant similarities between the thrill of a religious experience and that of a sexual one, nor the characteristic association of religious life with orgies of sex indulgence on the one hand and of sex continence on the other. The fact that religious hallucinations usually occur in persons starved not only for want of food but also of sex must be given due weight.

As for art, too much remains unsaid about the power of concrete objects to hold religious associations and the tendency observable everywhere to embellish or mark these objects in an artistic way. But over and above this, the conspicuous part played in later historic religions by architecture and music, especially through the introduction of the crowd psychological element, surely deserves some attention in a book on religion as general as Mr. Lowie's.

In the discussion of ceremonialism the author was misled by his predilection, previously noted by critics, for the purely social or play aspect of rituals. While the presence, interest, and even importance of this phase of ceremonialism will be readily granted, ceremonialism itself may not be dismissed as an "obvious form of religious behaviorism," for it contains in its mechanisms elements that are of the very core of religion. Among these are standardization of form and movement, rhythm—whether of the exaggeratedly slow or exaggeratedly fast type—and the psychologically potent intrusion of the crowd factor. Nothing, again, is said about what Marett called the evaporated emotions consequent upon ritualistic fixation, nor about the power of ritual as such to revivify and even to create anew religious emotion.

In dealing with symbolism the author is certainly right in emphasizing the significance of the historic determinants of locally current symbols, but the very universality of religious symbolism remains unelucidated. Nor is due heed taken of the frequency in such symbolism of the father image, a thesis on which Everett Dean Martin has built his recent book, "The Mystery of Religion." It is also surprising not to find any but the most passing reference to the relation between ritualistic behavior, which is always fortified by religious sanctions, and

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secular behavior, which is frequently but by no means uniformly so fortified.

The shortcomings noted above are, after all, but slight. The book is certain to have a wide appeal. Sufficiently orderly and systematic to be used as a text, it will attract the general reader by the inherent interest of its data, and it contains enough theoretical wisdom to prove of value to the professional brotherhood.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

The Perfect City

The Super-City. By Robert Kern. Published by the Author.

MR. KERN is professor of economics and sociology at George Washington University. He is also a little mad. He plans a city where every apartment has space, sunshine, and beauty; where one looks from one's window along noble façades and out over open spaces bright with leaves and gleaming fountains; where there are no elevated trains or subway trains; where all manufacturing is kept to its smoke-eliminated area; where great "servisoriums" with their central kitchens and supply depots cut the labor of housekeeping in half; where the outlying districts are organized in mass-production farming and dairy zones, feeding the city with goods which travel in unheard-of straight lines; where waste and noise and friction have ceased, and one lives unhurried as the gods on Olympus. This city Mr. Kern proposes to build for 20 cents a cubic foot against current metropolitan rates of from 40 to 70 cents. Unfortunately I am not enough of an engineer or architect to know just how mad the author is. But I am enough of a moony sociologist to stand enchanted before the bright spires and pinnacles of his new Atlantis.

He cannot be quite daft, because his analysis of the almost perfect infelicity of New York, say, as a place for human habitation parallels in many respects that of Mr. F. L. Ackermann, an engineer and architect of the highest qualifications. When he says he can get more people on less land cover, with less crowding, by exercising a little advance intelligence, I know that he is only following in Mr. Ackermann's accredited footsteps. He writes with just a trifle too much assurance and too much sweetness and light: Come children, let us inspect this beautiful new home of ours . . . walk right along . . . everything is provided for. . . . If only real cities could be built so readily! The Super-City calls for a fresh start; a bare, clean tract of land, with, so far as I can make out, the laws of property in rigid abeyance. It calls for more foresight and intelligent community-control than any group of people has possessed since the days of the Incas of Peru—who built a lot of supercities along the western ridges of the Andes. Its engineering I suspect is mainly sound, but its social psychology is pretty terrible. Still, when Mr. Kern selects his site—and he will have to be a fast worker to beat the Babbitts to it—I will pick up stakes and join him. Such a brave, mad dream is worth losing a dozen jobs in the canyons of New York for, any day.

STUART CHASE

All Are Swine

Some Do Not. By Ford Madox Ford. Thomas Seltzer, Inc. $2.

IF it was the single purpose of Mr. Ford in "Some Do Not" to describe, or perhaps invent, the waste barrenness of English bureaucracy and English women, he has no doubt sought and found an angry accomplishment. If you are prepared to accept the world offered by Mr. Ford as any typical world of English society you can hardly deny the confused strength of his indictment. Even though he appears in hardly more than a dozen author's comments in the course of the narrative, he seems to transfer to his characters a bitterness which does not logically belong to their natures. They all suffer a kind of vicarious atonement for Mr. Ford's own distemper. What happens to them is pretty bad, and from first to last they are all very definitely annoyed. Yet their personal tragedies and their manifest anger do not always spring either from a temperamental ill-humor or from an enforced disillusion. Unlike the characters in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's greater novels they are torn not so much by a splendid fury as by a need of obscure irony. They unpack their bosom of curious words which flow black and muddy from a core of corrupted purity.

Some rest on snowy bosoms; some do not. Christopher Tietjens never finds his eventual snowy bosom. He has been tricked into marriage by a woman who already bore another's child under her heart. His astounding memory for miscellaneous information (he has learned by rote most of the Encyclopaedia Britannica) is utilized by a cynical bureaucracy to float disingenuous schemes of public finance. His wife runs away with another man, returns without repentance, and tortures him at her leisure. He goes about shouting that most men and all women are swine, and is rewarded with important jobs. The one pure love of his life never becomes an established fact. For all his innocence he is slandered, cheated by his bank so that he must resign from his club, humiliated by his wife in private and public. During the war an exploding shell destroys most of the brain cells which once so completely housed corroborative detail about any subject that rose in any conversation on anything all the way from taxes to architecture. He is reported to have had a child by a woman who in reality is having an affair with a man Tietjens has raised to eminence. At the last he returns to the war without even the hope that he may come back to his one pure love. No one except her fine soul has understood the incorruptible chastity of his mind.

Like all chaste minds, that of Tietjens displays an abnormal curiosity about the darker sins of sex. Like the irascible Lear ridden by an obscene vision of a lustful world, Tietjens breaks out into sudden tempests of an incomprehensible rage wherein the world shows darkly through a risen fume of sex. He is a chaste Circe who turns all women into swine and all swine into men. Somehow the rage appears to rise not from a desperate horror of the world but from a source unrevealed even in the long pages Mr. Ford gives to his anger. All the characters are broken and spent with an anger which does not belong to their natures even where you are quite prepared to accept those natures. Admitted that Tietjens never found his snowy bosom, he should not therefore see all feminine bosoms as giving refuge to the unsleeping worm. He exclaims: "Not a woman in the country who won't let you rape her after an hour's acquaintance!"; and you protest that not even his wife's treatment of his love would inevitably suggest to him so extensive a conclusion about English maidenhood.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS

Books in Brief

Germinal. By Emile Zola. Edited with a Preface by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

The Dram-Shop. By Emile Zola. Edited with a Preface by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

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Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland and Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

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P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Liber Secundus. Edited with an introduction, translation, and commentary by S. G. Owen. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

A masterly edition of Ovid's most personal and, in a way, his most interesting poem.

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The Rise of the Greek Epic. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Oxford University Press. $4.70.

A standard work on the origins of Homer, enlarged by the addition of historical material.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith. With notes by Richard Lord Braybrooke. With an introduction by Guy N. Pocock. Thirty-four drawings by Major Benton Fletcher, and many contemporary portraits. E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols. $6.

Though the text of this Pepys remains far from complete, the charming illustrations—numerous, if a little too neat—make the edition necessary to a Restoration collector.

Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard. Translated into English verse with an introductory essay and notes by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

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Readers of Austin Dobson will know this naive yet sensible German travel-book for one of the most entertaining accounts of late eighteenth-century England in existence. It now takes its place in that admirable series, The Oxford Miscellany.

The Acropolis of Athens. By M. Schede. Translated from the German by H. T. Price. Berlin: Schoetz and Parrhysius. 11/6.

Elaborately illustrated and carefully composed, this volume offers an agreeable introduction to the available knowledge concerning the hill upon which Athene reigned for a thousand years.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Drama

Miscellany

THE qualities which made not a few once famous plays seem classics of the new drama were qualities which belonged to the infancy of the modern theater. Not so many years ago veracity and honesty seemed in themselves enough to make a play distinguished, simply because neither was familiar. To set down grim facts, to look frankly at the injustices of society, and to imitate as accurately as possible the unromantic aspects of humble life was to issue a challenge and perhaps to fight a battle. Playgoer and author combined to affirm, the one by writing and the other by admiring, their protest against romantic superficialties. They forgot even to be bored when they might reasonably have been, because, believing that good plays were truthful, they were inclined to consider all truthful plays good—and so for the moment they were. But the new drama is no longer new. The principles for which it fought have been almost universally recognized; no one is surprised at honesty. Accordingly we ask of a play that it shall be sincere to some purpose, that it offer some significant comment; or better still, that it move with an emotion powerful enough to seem new and fresh. Mere propaganda for realism is, like all other propaganda, dead as soon as it is successful, and half of Ibsen, like a part of Shaw, is no more than that. "A Doll's House" and "Widower's Houses" seemed in their day hardly less important than "Ghosts" or "Candida."

Herman Bahr, author of "The Mongrel" (Longacre Theater), was never a first-rate dramatist. A skilful practitioner in various manners, he took up the realistic drama at the height of its career and at the moment when to be veracious and grim seemed enough. Without the genuine passion of those who created the new mode, he turned a clever pen to the description of humble life and as late as 1914 produced the play under discussion. It tells the story of an ignorant peasant who conceives the idea that society has wronged him because it refuses to punish the "murderer" of his only companion—a mongrel cur—and who finally takes vengeance into his own hands. The central character is skilfully conceived and the atmosphere is faithfully reproduced, but the implied criticism of the legal system is modish rather than profound and the whole incident is too slight to sustain the interest of an audience not committed to the enthusiastic support of all naturalism good or bad. Today it seems frankly insignificant.

Mr. Rudolph Schildkraut could sustain, if anyone could, the interest of a contemporary audience in this slow-moving story; yet not even he can make it exciting. His impersonation of the old man, maddeningly pig-headed and yet intensely pathetic, is a remarkably complete piece of character-acting, fertile in its invention and moving in its sympathy; but the character is without development and the result upon the audience is to produce admiration untouched by enthusiasm. Although the play (adapted by Elmer Rice) has been mangled, it is hardly worth while to protest.

Doubtless some of the hits in "Candida" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) are less telling than they were when the play was written, but as a whole it springs into vigorous life in the admirable production given it at a series of special matinees by the Actors Theater. Timely it undoubtedly was, but the timeliness was no more than an accident of its greatness. Neither Morell's socialistic Christianity, Marchbank's impetuous individualism, nor Candida's firm reliance upon something greater than her purity to keep herself faithful to her husband is any longer startling. The genuine emotional power of the piece and the ideas with which it deals keep it perfectly fresh because they are eternally true. Katherine Cornell and Claire Eames have received and deserved the praise of the daily press, but Mr. Richard Bird deserved more credit than he has been given. The role of Marchbanks not only is the most difficult one in the play; it is extremely exacting in its demand for a suggestion of great intellectual and emotional power combined with physical timidity and weakness of the kind commonly thought contemptible. Mr. Bird makes Marchbanks not only credible but likable, and that is no easy accomplishment.

In "The Sap" (Apollo Theater) Raymond Hitchcock reveals very considerable ability as a legitimate comedian in a play which is about as bad as can be conceived. Aside from the presence of Mr. Hitchcock only one thing can be said in its favor. It is so consistently unreal and preposterous that its absurdities never annoy. Upon "Day and Night," produced at David Pinski's new Jewish Theater in the Bronx, I can pass no adequate judgment since I do not understand the language in which it is played. The settings, done in the latest Russian manner, are undoubtedly interesting, and the ensemble acting of the fantastic second act is particularly good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says:*

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* Excerpts from reviews in *The Nation*.

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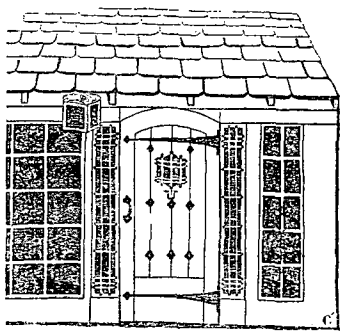

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International Relations Section

How to End War*

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

I HAVE been asked to discuss before you this evening the "Outlawry of War." If instead of using the term "outlawry of war" I should say "the substitution of law and judicial tribunals for politics and force in international affairs," it would mean the same thing, and perhaps appeal to you as more practical and less ideal.

The scheme to outlaw war involves three leading propositions: *First*, the creation of a body of international law—the amplification and codification of international law. It involves going as far as it is humanly possible at this time in reducing international relations to established rules of conduct—to bring international affairs under the reign of law. *Secondly*, the establishment of an independent judicial tribunal with jurisdiction and power to decide and determine all controversies involving a construction of international law or treaties. The advocates of the plan do not insist upon the rejection of the present tribunal; they do urge, however, that it be divorced from all connection with international political institutions, that it shall function under a body of laws and be governed in its power and jurisdiction by law—that its jurisdiction shall attach by reason of the nature of the controversy and by authority of law, and not by reason of the consent of the foreign offices of the different governments. *Thirdly*, the said body of international law shall declare war a crime and no longer recognize in any way or at any time war as a legitimate institution for the settlement of international disputes. In other words, if war comes it must be without the shield or sanction of law, but in violation of it, as piracy or slavery or peonage or murder. These are the general principles, the details and the feasibility of which I shall discuss in a few moments.

Lord Cecil, lately honored for his services in the cause of peace, has been quoted as saying "We have not reached the state in international relations at which it is desirable to attempt the codification of international law," which is in effect to say we cannot now consent to be governed by international law. Why it is not desirable we are not informed. Not desirable to be governed by law and the courts rather than secret diplomacy, intrigue, overreaching imperialism, politics, and force? It would seem at least to be desirable. We have waited three thousand years. If the time has not come for Europe to acknowledge the reign of law and to be governed by it in international affairs, then it is positively certain that the time has not come for the people of this country to be governed by European politics. We will hesitate to enter a game the rules of which are not known but exist, if they exist at all, in the caprice and the ambitions of a few men.

Americans believe in a government of law, and not of men, and that is infinitely more important in international affairs where peace and war are involved than in domestic affairs. We believe that in international affairs as in domestic affairs order and peace can exist only and alone under law construed and applied through an independent and impartial judicial tribunal. It may be that political bodies, responsible in no sense to and uncontrolled by the people, with jurisdiction as broad as human discretion and as irresponsible as human intrigue, may be safe for other people—but not for those who have built their institutions and founded their civilization upon a government of law.

This does not mean that we are not deeply interested in Europe, both from a humanitarian and material standpoint. It does not mean we shall not cooperate when cooperation is possible. But many of us believe that cooperation in the cause of peace and the coming together between Europe and the Western continent in their respective efforts to work out plans of peace must be through a body of international law construed by an uncontrolled judicial body, a judicial body free alike from American and European politics. It does not seem to me possible to conform the politics of these different continents to a common political scheme for peace. But it would seem that there are certain fundamental principles of right and justice and peace which could be embodied in international law supported by the public opinion of the world, and this body of international law would gather up and avail itself of the respective efforts for peace. There is only one possible connection which can be established, and that connection is law. I venture to believe that the American people will never consent to become a part of any scheme or plan for peace which at any time or under any circumstances recognizes war as a legitimate and rightful method of settling disputes or which plan or scheme is controlled through or by international politics. If war is ever to be resorted to, the American people will reserve the absolute freedom, unhampered and uncontracted, to determine when and where and under what circumstances such action shall be taken.

In discussing peace plans, I do not wish to be understood as necessarily criticizing or condemning plans which deal with European conditions alone. If the League of Nations or the Protocol, or any other plan, considered as European enterprises, can be made to serve the cause of justice and peace in Europe, in common with all lovers of peace I would rejoice. If the League fits her conditions and helps in the solution of her awful problems, no one could be other than profoundly pleased. It was said long ago that "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation." I have no doubt that that is still true, even more emphatically true than at the time it was uttered. We can have no more justification, therefore, for denouncing European peace institutions or seeking to embarrass their development than we could have in denouncing the forms of government of her respective countries. We have been too often disposed of late to set ourselves up as a judge of other people's institutions. To speak plainly, it is not only presumptuous but it is always fruitful of unhappy results. It is not for us to say what form of government other people shall have nor what plans and schemes for peace Europe may have. It is only when we are asked to join or become a part of them that we are not only justified but commanded by every sense of patriotic duty to examine with candor and courage these proposals.

The Protocol put forth at Geneva indicates unmistakably that Europe now proposes to adjust her affairs and to pursue her peace plans according to European conditions and in harmony with European standards—a conclusion which may be in the interest of good understanding and peace. An attempt to have Europe conform to our standards

* An address delivered at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on December 17.

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based upon our conditions or to have America accept European standards based upon European conditions can only result in disappointment and failure. Professor Murray, the distinguished English advocate of the League and the Protocol, speaking of the Protocol, candidly and wisely declared: "No one asks or expects America to sign the Protocol. . . . If she will keep the peace in her own regions of the globe, and not prevent the European nations from keeping the peace in theirs, she will be doing a great deal." Professor Shotwell, a most able advocate of peace and also a supporter of the League, has declared that he has not the slightest intention of advocating the adoption of the Protocol by America.

Undoubtedly not only these statements but the Protocol itself discloses that Europe now recognizes that the peace plans which may serve her cause would be inadmissible in America. Tradition, customs, institutions, habits, race—and all the countless kindred things which that word instantly conjures up—cannot be dispelled over night through the necromancy of words. They have to be reckoned with. You cannot get rid of the Atlantic Ocean by covenants and you cannot standardize life in Bulgaria and Pennsylvania by protocols. There is nothing so fatal to the success of any cause or any effort as to refuse to recognize facts as facts and shape your course accordingly. Professor Shotwell, Professor Murray, and eminent statesmen like Benes, who framed the Protocol, recognize facts; the Protocol is the announcement therefore of a new policy. Europe proposes to work out the problem of peace under the unbending facts which distinguish the Eastern from the Western continent. We shall certainly not denounce their plans because they are not fitted to American conditions or American principles.

Let us digress a little farther before going into the discussion of the details. There is no hope for peace so long as the great and powerful nations will that there shall be no peace. If every time an incident, great or small, arises the powerful nations resort to violence and force, there can be no peace. Nicaragua, Vera Cruz, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Amritsar, the Ruhr, Corfu, Egypt—all save two of these incidents have occurred since the fearful lesson of the World War and all were resorts to violence and force upon the part of the great and powerful nations against the unarmed and helpless. In all of these instances the aggressor nation was strong enough and powerful enough to have invoked conciliation, adjustment, and arbitration, and thus to have set examples and established precedents of more value to the cause of peace than any peace plan. We confine our love of peace to paper; our war spirit finds its expression in deeds. We profess tolerance, and practice intolerance. We profess friendship, and practice vengeance. Under such policies and practices leagues and courts not only prove ineffective but hope sickens, and the morale of the whole human family is broken and demoralized. I would rather have just now one ounce of practice than tons of profession in this cause of peace. Why talk of peace when there are excluded from all plans and all courts two hundred million white people and two of the most potentially powerful peoples of Europe? Let us establish the natural and orderly relationship which should obtain among a family of nations, restore trade relations, recognize existing governments, practice the tolerance we preach and use the friendship we profess, and this will constitute the first great movement for peace.

England Turns Down the League

THE Secretary General of the League of Nations made public on December 4 the following note from the British Government, dated November 19:

The attention of his Britannic Majesty's Government has been called to the resolution adopted by the Assembly of the League of Nations on October 2, 1924, for the opening of a protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes for the signature by those representatives of states members of the League who were already in a position to sign it, and to hold it open for signature by all other states. As the terms of this resolution might suggest the communication of the Protocol to the Government of Egypt, I am directed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to remind you that the British Protectorate over Egypt came to an end by virtue of the declaration made by the Government of his Britannic Majesty on February 28, 1922, and approved by Parliament on March 14 of that year.

Under the terms of that instrument certain questions were absolutely reserved to the discretion of his Majesty's Government until such time as agreement might be come to regarding them with the Egyptian Government. The governments of other countries were informed by His Majesty's Government of the termination of the British Protectorate over Egypt in a notification which contained the following passage:

> The welfare and integrity of Egypt are necessary to the peace and safety of the British Empire, which will, therefore, always maintain as an essential British interest the special relations between itself and Egypt long recognized by other governments. These special relations are defined in the declaration recognizing Egypt as an independent and sovereign state. His Majesty's Government have laid them down as matters in which the rights and interests of the British Empire are vitally involved and will not admit them to be questioned or discussed by any other Power. In pursuance of this principle they will regard as an unfriendly act any attempt at interference in the affairs of Egypt by another Power, and they will consider any aggression against the territory of Egypt as an act to be repelled with all the means at their command.

In these circumstances His Majesty's Government are unable to admit that the Protocol, if signed by Egypt, will enable the Egyptian Government to invoke the intervention of the League of Nations in settlement of matters absolutely reserved by that declaration to the discretion of his Majesty's Government.

The contrary position is based upon the paragraph in Article 11 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, signed by England, which declared it "to be the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is in Palestine, where he will write on the Jewish settlements and the spirit of the Zionist experiment.

FRANK P. SIBLEY is a newspaper man of long experience, at present connected with the Boston *Globe*.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, author of "Early Civilization," is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

WILLIAM E. BORAH is chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

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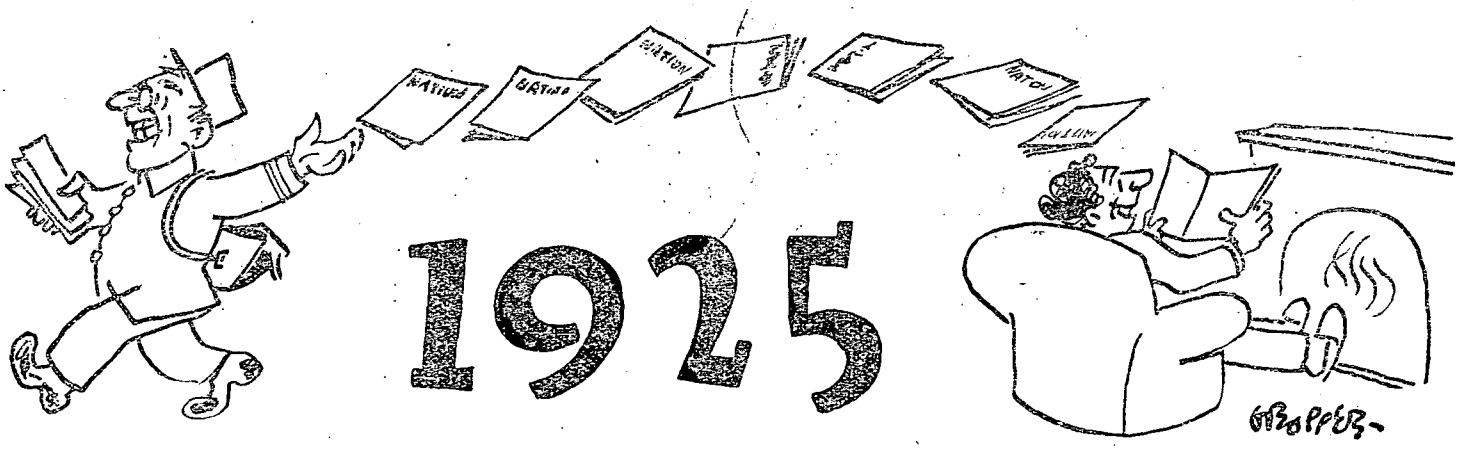

Happy the Nation reader of 1925! The Postman with nonchalant satisfaction in a good deed done, tosses one treat after another into his lap. For instance, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Mary Austin, and many more will express themselves on the agitating question "Can an Artist Exist in America?" J. A. Hobson will please the serious minded with several important articles on "Modern Economic Problems." President Neilson of Smith will discuss "The Plight of the Women's Colleges," and thereafter our own Freda Kirchwey will visit half a dozen of them to learn how the undergraduate and the faculty assistant feel about it and what happens to the hundreds that can't get in. Nordics and non-Nordics will enjoy the articles on that much threshed question because the threshers will be Professors Boas, Sapir and Goldenweiser, and Messrs. Van Loon, Bercovici, and Herskovits. The Washington scene will be watched at close range by Oswald Garrison Villard, throughout the month of January. Ludwig Lewisohn will write frequently from Palestine as none but he can write. And, among single articles of note, Alexandra Kollontai on "Women in Modern Europe." "Alcohol," "Pro" by Dr. Platt, prison reformer and physician of Philadelphia, and "Con" by Dr. Fisk of the Life Extension Institute, Ellen LaMotte on "Opium" and Paul Blanshard on "Militarism in our Colleges," and Franklin D. Roosevelt on "Civil Service." Week by week, Mark Van Doren will discuss the new books and Joseph Wood Krutch will comment on the very good and the very bad in the theaters. In fact, 1925 is no time to be without The Nation, and this slip will keep the Postman steadily on the job for 52 weeks.

The Nation for Two Years, $8.00
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